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Editorial Comment

Has Monopoly a Divine Right?

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Just before the holidays the Journal-Miner published the following editorial:

The prospect of there being two municipal tickets in the field should be hailed with satisfaction by the voter. It gives him an opportunity to make a choice, and even if that choice should be defeated, he will feel better than had the usual one-sided arrangement prevailed. There is only one real issue before the people this year and that is, shall Prescott be permitted to have competition in electric lighting? It will be interesting to find out just how the candidates for the Council on the various tickets are aligned. A few days later the following communication was received:

Editor of the Journal-Miner:

The above clipping appeared on the editorial page of your paper this morning. In your statement it seems to me that you have not stated the "issue" correctly; in fact, that you have clearly mis-stated it.

The issue, as I understand it, it not 'shall Prescott be permitted to have competition in electric lighting,' but is shall the City enter into such competition? In other words, do the majority of us want municipal ownership?

There are a good many of us who consider ourselves progressive and public-spirited citizens, and who would be glad to see legitimate competition in any line in which there is now a monopoly, who, nevertheless, do not believe that it is right or according to the American principle of a "square deal" for the City to grant a franchise to an individual, or corporation, allow him to go ahead and invest his money heavily, build up a business and become a large taxpayer, and then turn about and destroy what he has built up by entering into direct competition with him.

A CITIZEN.

As the above was received just before Christmas, and it was a season of peace and good will toward all men, we laid the communication aside. Under ordinary circumstances it would have gone into the waste basket, as it was unsigned, the writer evidently being afraid to disclose his identity, but it presented such a fallacious argument that the Journal-Miner deemed it its duty to puncture it, lest others who might hear it, should be led astray.

Anonymous communications, as a rule, receive no attention at the hands of any newspaper. The man who dare not let the editor know his identity, and who skulks behind a nom de plume, is akin to the ruffian who would stab you in the back, or the burglar who breaks into your house under cover of darkness.

"A Citizen" is probably not exactly of this class, but it is evident that his sympathies are with a corporation that robs the citizens by virtue of an exclusive franchise. Perhaps the monopoly is one of his patrons, which, if it be a fact, accounts for his mental strabismus. "Citizen" avers it is not a square deal for a city to give an individual or a corporation a franchise and later enter into direct competition with him or it.

Let us see about this! It is certainly a novel theory and deserves to be expounded. The Prescott Electric company was donated a franchise public utility which privilege was a valuable one, and should have been granted on such terms as would have made it a source of continuous and increasing value to the municipality. There is hardly a city in the United States where such franchises are granted except upon the condition that the applicant shall pay from 3 to 5 per cent of the gross income to the city. Mr. Frank Wright, the applicant in this case, PAID NOTHING for this valuable privilege, nor did the terms of the franchise impose any condition as to any payment of a percentage of the revenues of the business. It was an exclusive franchise, that gave him a monopoly, and he has squeezed the lemon to the limit.

Later on, Mr. Wright obtained a franchise for a telephone system, and again a valuable privilege was handed to him on a silver platter, and again the City derived no pecuniary benefit from the transaction. Being a citizen in our midst, the public from a sense of loyalty to home institutions, patronized his system in preference to the Sunset telephone, and the latter was barely able to maintain an office here. About a year ago the "Independent" company sold out to its rival, which operates in this territory under the name of the Consolidated Telegraph and Telephone System. It is owned by Epes Randolph and H. E. Huntington of Los Angeles, with W. G. Hinchcliffe as the Arizona manager. Since this deal was made the service has deteriorated and the antiquated method of ringing a bell to hail "Central," still prevails.

The next move of the Prescott Electric company was to seek a franchise for supplying the inhabitants with gas, this step being simply taken as a precautionary measure to shut out threatened competition from that direction. The franchise was obtained through trickery, and the Council granted it under the impression that it was encouraging a legitimate competitive company in the lighting business. The franchise was hardly cold before it was assigned by the grantee to the Prescott Electric company, and then it appeared that Mr. Frank Wright was the "nigger in the woodpile." It was another free gift, or rather an additional license to milk the people, for it contained no provision for paying a percentage of its revenues into the City treasury.

Like Caesar of old, Mr. Wright yearned for more worlds to conquer,

and he applied for a street car franchise. He was successful, although it was opposed by some of the leading citizens of Prescott.

And in the face of all this, "Citizen" whines about the cruelty of inflicting competition upon the Prescott Electric company because of its investment of money here. Mr. Wright's original investment was \$20,000, and we are reliably informed that he is now worth about \$250,000. All of this has been made out of the citizens of Prescott, and only so because he has a monopoly.

In the unenlightened portions of the old world there still obtains the fallacious idea that Kings rule by divine right. IS IT POSSIBLE THAT IN THIS COUNTRY OF UNFETTERED INTELLIGENCE, THAT ANYONE CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY BELIEVE THAT A DIVINITY BOTH HEDGE ABOUT THE MONOPOLIST OF A PUBLIC UTILITY?

FIND PISTOL NEAR WHERE ANDRE DIED.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

"Was Louis Andre armed when he received his death wound on New Year's eve at the hands of Earl Sparks, or was the pistol found in the snow placed there since the fatal shooting?"

This is the question that a number of Prescott Sherlock Holmes' were asking themselves yesterday afternoon, when it became known that J. V. Walker, a laborer, while standing in front of the Palace saloon yesterday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, near the spot where Andre fell, after being shot in the forehead, saw a pistol sticking up out of the snow in the gutter, and, digging it out, turned it over later to the Sheriff's office.

The pistol is described as being a double-action, 32-caliber revolver. It was found in the gutter at the edge of the sidewalk, not ten feet from where Andre lay as he gasped his last after receiving the fatal wound.

The finding of the pistol gives rise to an opportunity for the Sheriff's office, the attorneys for Sparks, and the amateur detectives to unravel the question of whether Andre, in his death struggles, flung the gun into the gutter, where it was soon buried beneath the heavy snow that was falling on the night of the killing, or whether some ardent friend of the accused man, bent on assisting him, placed the pistol there since the fatal night, to give rise to the speculation that possibly Andre was armed when he met Sparks.

The Sheriff's office, it is understood, is not inclined to attach any great importance to the finding of the gun as having any material bearing on the case.

Leroy Anderson, attorney for Sparks, when made acquainted with the news of the finding of the pistol, said:

"The finding of the gun merely adds to, and substantiates our theory of the killing."

Attorney Anderson, naturally, did not care to state for publication, what the line of defense would be.

WILL WORK PLACER MINES IN NEAR FUTURE.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Councilman A. J. Doran will leave today for a visit to San Diego. He expects to be absent about ten days. Together with Gus Heyman, Major Doran recently secured a bond on the lands and mines of the Lynx Creek Gold and Land company, located on Lower Lynx Creek, about eight miles east of this city. Speaking of this property, the Major said:

"We have a bond on 4,000 acres of patented land and twenty-two mining claims, and we intend to commence the installation of our machinery as soon as the coming session of the Legislature closes. There is a large reservoir on the ground. This will enable us to work a floating dredge for at least nine months in the year and there is enough water to work the ground in an extensive way by the hydraulic method at least six months in the year. It is a well known fact that the gold is in the ground there and it is only a question of installing the right kind of machinery to extract it."

MORE SHEEP THAN BEFORE ON RANGES.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

C. H. Nofer, one of the prominent wool growers of northern Arizona, arrived here yesterday, from Flagstaff, en route to the southern part of the county, where he has several large flocks of sheep grazing on the desert ranges. Speaking of the outlook for the sheep industry, Mr. Nofer said:

"I believe that we are entering a year that will prove to be the most prosperous in the sheep business in the history of the Territory. These winter storms insure good food on the ranges of the north in the spring and summer months and with the present prices of mutton there is no reason why the wool grower should not look forward to a prosperous year. On the desert ranges south of here there is at least 100,000 more sheep than there were last year, and the stock driven in from other places is of a good class."

The Journal-Miner has three times the circulation of any paper in Northern Arizona.

WANT COUNTY SEAT MOVED TO MAYER.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

William Dean, the Mayer mining man, spent yesterday here on mining business, and will leave for home today. He is enthusiastic over the great development of his section during the past year and is confident that some very rich bodies of ore will be uncovered in many of the mining claims now being opened.

"Besides the Blue Bell," said Dean, "which is our largest producer, rich ore is being taken from other properties in our vicinity, and I am confident that this year will be the most prosperous we have ever had. The people of Prescott do not realize the importance of Mayer as a business center. They should visit the town and see how it is growing, the population almost doubling each succeeding year. I believe that you will see it made the county seat before many years. In fact, some of our Democratic politicians suggested the idea that we should have a court house here, during the last campaign. They were joking, when they did it, but they may be surprised later, for it is destined to be a great business center. Treasurer Herndon informed us that he would favor the moving of the county seat to our town when he visited the place during the campaign, and so did one or two of the others, but I pity them when they face their constituents the second time, if they do not live up to the promises."

Mr. Dean has been engaged in mining in the Mayer country for the past twelve years. He had charge of the development of the Blue Bell in the capacity of foreman for some time, and was also manager of the Henrietta during a large proportion of its producing period.

PRUSSIANS EAT DOGS.

So far this year over 2,000 dogs have been slaughtered for food in Prussia. Probably one could not eat dog from choice any more than one could be a cannibal from choice. But many Indian tribes have eaten dog for generations. The Esquimaux eat dogs when they can catch them. Arctic explorers from all countries, when looking for the Pole, have eaten dog without compunction, and on several occasions have eaten their comrades of human kind. Dog meat is sweet, like mule meat, and the best part of it is not next to the bone, but that lying next to the skin, which must be baked to a crisp.

The able general, Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, prefers dog to all other meats. His second choice always was grizzly and his third Rocky Mountain sheep. When Wattiskowok of the Umatillas, heard of the drowning of enormous quantities of dogs impounded in New York he wept. When the Umatillas have a great feast dog is the piece de resistance. The browned skin with the hair on it, is served to the hi-muck-a-mucks, or chief guests, and if you happen to be one of the muck-a-mucks you must know this bit of skin as you would a rib of beef in camp. Many palefaces have done it and come from the feast liking dog. The Caucasians' prejudices come from that little word "pet." A dog is a pet and practically a member of the family cannot stomach the idea of eating a pet.

RECEIVES MACHINERY.

John Roberts, the Hillside business man, is here on mining business. He states that a car load of machinery and a hoisting plant arrived at Hillside Sunday for the Jeanette Mining company, operating in the Santa Maria district. J. O. Carbaugh, president and general manager of the concern, is in personal charge of the development of the property. It is opened by two shafts, the deepest of which has been sunk to a depth of 450 feet. In the 400 foot level there is a body of ore developed which carries good values in gold, and has an average width of fourteen feet, as far as developed by the drift. A second shaft sunk on the vein to a depth of 300 feet has an ore showing of the same character and size as the other.

J. J. Cavanaugh has been appointed a deputy sheriff by Sheriff Lowry. Cavanaugh has been deputy at Poland for a number of years, and is generally recognized as an energetic and capable officer.

NEW YORK GAINS THOUSAND A DAY

Phenomenal Growth of the Metropolis in 1906--Night and Day Lawyers For Those Who Need Them--District Attorney Disappoints Insurance Men.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—According to universal New York's custom, Father Knickerbocker has been taking account of stock, and finds occasion to congratulate himself that in 1906 his city of Gotham has broken all records for growth of big cities. Its total increase in population has been 375,000, or over 1,000 new inhabitants for every day in the year. The floating population—visitors and others whose stay in the city is temporary, whose homes are the hotels and lodging houses, and whose presence gives the air of bustle and rapid life to the shopping district and the Great White way, is numbered at 150,000 to 200,000. To the city and its suburbs during the year has come an increase in real estate values of \$600,000,000—a trifle, to be sure, but nearly three times the property valuation of the entire State of Nevada in 1904, nearly equal to that of Arizona and Wyoming combined, far greater than that of New Mexico, Idaho or Utah, and just about equal to the entire property valuation of South Dakota in that year. For the year's work on rapid transit projects, the total outlay has been \$300,000,000, and the work already under way will cost \$1,000,000 by the time it is completed. Just to keep in touch with things, the old gentleman in the powdered wig has broken another record—that for telephone installations. Within a radius of about thirty-five miles of the City Hall, there are now in service some 389,000 telephones; so that now New York has in service more telephones than London and the ten other largest cities of Great Britain combined; more than France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland combined; and more telephones than are to be found in the twenty largest cities in Germany. The new installations in the territory in and near New York for the year numbered 67,000 or nearly 200 a day.

The New Yorker to the manor born expects to shuffle off his load of care and get home to Molly and the baby some time before breakfast the next morning; but the Sunday School superintendent from the interior who comes to town once a year or once a lifetime with a high steam pressure and a neat little roll of the long green ones in his right hand trousers pocket, expects to stay right on the job until he sees a finish. Less than a year ago a night and day bank was started to look after his financial needs, but seemed only to increase his demand for other similar conveniences. So now a company has been formed to furnish legal aid in all sorts of emergencies at any hour of the day or night. All that is necessary is to ring up the office from the hotel and then pay the bill. Not long ago a hustling business man remembered that he was engaged to be married in an upstate city the next day, and that a steam yacht was a necessary part of the equipment. It was after office hours, and the question was to find a lawyer qualified to draw up a lease for this particular kind of matrimonial craft. All other sources having failed, application to the all-night law company brought the desired result. At the hour of 5 a. m., the lease was signed, sealed and delivered, and at 8 the bridegroom steamed away up the Hudson, blissfully unconscious of the fact that a railroad runs so close along the edge of the river that sometimes it falls in.

District Attorney Jerome has proved a distinct and bitter disappointment in the insurance cases, and no one admits it more readily now than George W. Perkins, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles S. Fairchild, the gentlemen who have just been indicted for forgery in the third degree in connection with certain dummy sales of stock. When it happened, the election of trustees was all over but counting the ballots, and even that had been satisfactorily arranged for by means of those convenient card index systems which are either elaborately simple or simply elaborate, according to the ends it is intended to serve, and equally capable of proving anything either way. There

were 700,000 of those ballots; they had cost someone \$1 apiece to collect, to say nothing of the incidental expense of inducing policyholders to see the matter in the right light, and it would never do, so the officials said, merely to count them and abide by the result. First, the ballots must be sorted and arranged geographically. Then they must be counted, simply to ascertain the total vote cast. After that the cards, each having forty-three separate and distinct entries for each ballot, exclusive of the signatures of the inspectors, would come into play. This meant something over 15,000,000 entries before the actual count and tabulation of votes could begin. Four years, the officials said, sadly, would probably be required to complete the work; but, they added more cheerfully, remembering that if a few more years were necessary, the matter would be so nearly forgotten by that time as to occasion little or no comment, the result would probably be heavily in favor of the present administration, anyhow. Then the blow fell. There is no question that Mr. Jerome was to blame. The grand jury itself said that it would not have indicted had he not so strenuously insisted upon it. The charges upon which the indictment was based would have been outlawed by the statute of limitations in another five days. As it is, 1907 promises additional trouble for the insurance magnates, whose life for the past two years has been a strenuous one.

New York has two Adamless Edens, and each by analogy has proved the other to be a dismal failure. One is the Hotel Martha Washington and the other is what is known as the "Widows' Settlement," in the upper arm of the lake in Central Park. For a long time rumors of discord, if not actual war, have reached the outside world from the sacred precincts of the hotel whose threshold few men dare to cross. The trouble reached a climax one day last week, when a stockholders' meeting was called to consider the fact that, whatever it may have been as a theory, the hotel has so far proved a profitless venture. Then arose divers guests, who are stockholders to the extent of not less than one whole share of stock, and declared that it was no wonder. Such management would ruin anything, they complained. To say nothing of the absurdity of refusing to serve wine jelly with the Christmas dinner, just because it was a temperance hotel. It was a positive shame to charge for rolls when that is all one really needs for breakfast, and the head waitress was altogether too fat to be artistic, even if she was efficient. Then, too, it was simply impossible to get—well, certain interesting novels from the hotel library. But when it came to lady bell-hops, they were the limit! There was no such thing as inducing one of them to do a little thing like tightening a few strings or buttoning a waist up the back without a tip. Up in his institution in Central Park, Director Smith last summer had a colony of 176 domestic ducks and only 12 drakes. To be sure, the ducks don't wear waists that button up the back, and their creature comforts are looked after by a mere man. But since they were put into limited winter quarters, a short time ago, there have been single combats and bottles royal, which the old keeper declared to be nothing more nor less than a fight for a husband. So a couple of dozen more drakes were transferred to the lake, and the trouble has entirely disappeared.

LONGACRE.

A large and high class entry list is reported for the annual show of the Pine Tree Kennel club, of Portland, Me. The show opens today and continues over tomorrow.

Don't blame people for having silly thoughts; anything is better than a vacuum.

The Journal-Miner stands up for Prescott and Yavapai counties.